

The Histerie of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dang. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

Hot. Fourtie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may serue so great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dang. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fals. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conenry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Fals. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Fals. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
tie, take them all I leaue the coynage; bid my Lieutenant
Peto meete me a Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell,

Exit.

Fals. If I be ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a sowth Gurnet; I
haue misused the Kinges Presse damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I presse me none
but good Houtholders, such as had been askt twice on the Banes;
such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as leue heare the
Dinell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier, worse
then a strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I presse me none but
such Tosts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger
then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruises: and
now

Henry the

now, my whole charge consistes
tenants, Gentlemen of companie
in the painted Cloth where the C
and such as indeed were neuer S
Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to y
sters and Ostlers tradefalne, the
long peace, ten times more dish
faczde Ancient; and such haue
as haue bought out their seruice
had a hundred and fiftie tottere
Swine-keeping, from eating dra
met me on the way, and told me
and prest the dead bodies. No ey
He not march through *Conenry*
the villaines march wide betwi
on, for indeed, I had the most of
a Shirt and a halfe in all my co
two Napkins taekt together, a
like a Hearalds coate without fl
truth, stolne from my Host of
keeper of *Dauintry*: but that
enough on euery Hedge,

Enter the Prince, and the

Prin. How now blowne I

Fal. What *Hal*? How now n
in *Warwick-shire*? My good L. o
thought your honour had alre

Wes. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is mo
and you too; but my powers ar
you, looks for vs all; we must

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, l
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Cream
ready made thee butter: but tel
these that come after?

Fals. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pit

Fals. Tut, tut, good enough